

**FROM**

# C O C K E N Y:

**For the Information of all such as are not**

## Sick of the Sallene

Cockery, Thursday, &c.

His day the Senate has named Commissioners to regulate the Customs and Excise of imported *Quinine*, *Peru*, a Commodity, which (if this Froth be all *Quinine*) will infinitely ally the boisterous Pride of *Barley*, *Peru*, and chamber the heckling of Hens loaded with eggs. It's most glorious fight to behold the daily splendor on the Nore loch of *Edinburgh*, and fresh

who remembers of the *Olympick Games*, by way of transmigration, sayes they were but paper Phyes in respect of our frosted *Gayrroles*. The names of the Deputies are as follows, *Augustus Apple-tree*, *Catiline Crab-tree*, *Agamemnon Anderfou*, *Sigismundus Symphon*, *Petronius Paterfon*, *Bablinus Bablinus Bay*, *Hadrianus Hodge*, *Sempronius Skench*, *Coriolanus Cow*, and *Marcus Conderius Conter* for their Clerk: all Persons of (supposed) integrity. But they are limited, not to admit of any exceeding the Carrat of two hundred pound weight: because oftentimes young men endanger their Back-spines with the vanity of ponderous Stones. This Committee was no sooner established, but there came a Letter from *Humphrey Hood*, our Shell-fish Agent at the *Flagge*, by which you may perceive the reason our *Muskel-rap* is not yet placed in the mouth of the *Adams*. The Letter you have here set down.

**For**

**For the Right Sapient, the Consuls  
and TRIBUNE of the SENATE of COCKENY.**

*Most Shientick Patrons,*

**T**He States here are in such confusion about their differ-  
ences with *England* that I can bring to no perfection our  
*Mussell* Project. There be some *Jews* that would bar-  
gain for a *parcell* of those which touches *Peru*; But I told them,  
It was expresse against our *Laws*, because they are only destined  
to *decorate* our *Wives* and *Children* with *Neck-laces*. I find it will  
be to no purpose for me to waite longer time here; for there is  
never one of the *Hoggin* *McGigins*, when I motion any thing of  
business, that is w<sup>th</sup> me to the purpose. As for example, When  
I demanded a return of my Memorial from their Secretary, he  
thinks into my hand a Speech of one of their Members, which  
because it possibly may convince you of their ill disposed con-  
dition, I have here sent it translated in our most excellent *English*.  
Degeneracy would rather for the truth is, a *simile* Verborum, than  
which *French* would puzzle a *Grates* *linguist*. The  
(This (with the inclosed) is all at present from

**Humphrey Hood.**

*The Speech of Ryn Hen Ship Snap van Rugg, a Barberian Delphi, and one of the States Generals: as it was delivered at the Hague, on the Feist of Innocents.*

*My Lords,* I am now, this twenty years; that I have been a witness to all your political Triumplings; and let me tell you, without flattery, though their Buffings and Curlings were above the Powers of my Conception, yet I was infinitely pleased at the greatness of their conquests: And upon no other account, *My Lords*, but because they were main Points to the South-ward of my comprehension, which, as I am informed, is the only understanding *a la Mode*. But as to the Question in debate, whether it were better for us to have Peace or War with England? there lies

ties the business. Certainly, *My Lords*, it would much conduce to your satisfactions, to have the Dispositions of the People founded: and that is to be had, either in a *Mil*, a Country *Forge*, or in a Barbers Shop in a *Town*. In my opinion, *My Lords*, the latter is to be preferred, the other two being only Rendezvouses of Clowns: but that of the shaving Faculty, to my certain knowledge, even in my own *Theater*, there is of all stations that resort there; nay, even from the *Tarpallan*, that has his Cox-comb roused with a wooden dish, to the *Spruce Gallant*, whose Anglers are starched with *Gessimine*: and without all doubt, those are the Water-fowl that continually flutters and dables in this our plantation of souled clouds. But, *My Lords*, not to keep you up from my intended discovery of their present inclinations, I shall briefly relate the Observations I made in the last three Saturdayes Dressings, not forgetting the Humors of the *Jews* on the preceding Fridayes: and in order to the Discipline of the House, whilst some are wet, and others shaving, the Claff was held up with these raskally Ingredients that supports the confusion of a Commonwealth. The first that broke the yce, was *Dick the Snyder of Delf*, a worshipfull Botcher, that has taken the length of Usurers feet, but still within the limits of clouting Stockings. This same Fellow, I say, with a dark hollow voice, and a great discontented Vetch, declared his aversion to this preparations of a War with *England*: for, saith he, those who are most concerned to defray the expence of the War, are these who are least concerned in the Quarrell. Must all the Commons of the seven Provinces be pinched, to maintain the vanity and avarice of the East and West India Companies: and against a Neighbour and Benefactor, who redeemed us both from the Name of *Rebels*, and the contemptible Title of, *The low and distressed States of Holland*? Nos no, Heavens forbid we should be such ingrate wretches. This was no sooner said, but *Yerk* the Cobler swore (by the Keistril of *Crispine*) that all his brother Botcher had said was true. And besides, consider, when *Dunkirk*, *Ostend* and *Newport* were upon our Nose, what difficulties we were at in the point of Trade, and what charges for Convoys. I pray, what will it be when all the Coast-Towns of *England* are such, with the advantage of a *Fleet-Royal*

all the dayes of the year to protect them. Its true, no place can well subsist plentifully without Trade; yet *England* has, and can subsist, when there is no Trade at all. Its far otherwise with us, for the least obstruction of Trade cuts us off from naturall subsistence; For our Countrey, of it self, yeelds scarce so much Grain as will nurse *Anna Maria Sparman* Poultry, and for the fishing that's of our own property, except some accidentall pecks of Prans and a few muddy Eels, we have nothing but at the discretion of Neighbours. Its true, there is a proportion of Butter and Cheefe, but not to feed the ten thousand mouth. The *Cobler* had no sooner spoke, when straight an aged *Broker*, formerly a Professor of History at *Leyden*, with staring eyes, and a bellowing voice, assented to all what was said; only he was displeased, that she who was the ornament of the Low-dutch Learning, should be compared to Hen-wives; which Wives (in other parts of the world) has the rank reputation of *Witches*. However, the good old Mans choller was soon allayed, being the comparison flowed from illiterate Brutes: but withall, very gravely, after he had stroaked down his breast and beard, he held forth as followeth; I remember, Neighbours, eighty years agoe, when this Commonwealth, before it bulged to the dreadful Title of *Hoggin Moggin*, had no other repute but that of a despicable crew of fish *Hamlets*, and might have continued so, if at the same juncture of time they had not met with the Novelties and Followers of some Runagado-Ecclesiasticks, which gave both life and being to our rebellious Foundation. About the same time, I say, they report, that, as *Philip* the second being in a dumpish mood about this Revolt, there was a State-projector very formally addressed himself to his Majesty, and advised him, never to enterprize the reducing of us by a Land-war, but convert all his force for the constant entertainment of an hundred Friggats, and so crush our Trading: and this he made appear to be no great task, considering the King had as many Towns great and small, that one with another could defray the expence of the design easily. As the *Broker* was upon this discourse, I was just circumflexing the whiskers of a hot-headed *Dantzick Farder*, when upon a sudden the *Angry Copman* sprung out of my grips, and swore by all the Tarr in the East, and the great

great Pudding of *Sprats*; that whoever he was gave that advice to the *Spaniard*, behoved to be a *Jesuit*, in regard it had so pernicious a consequence. And if the King of *Brittain* light upon the same design, as he may much more easily do, the want of Trade to such a multitude of mouths, would speedily render us miserable. He was going to enlarge upon the subject, but the authority of the reverend *Broker* procured liberty and attention to return to his discourse: so he continued. This counsell, as I told you, of the *Policy-monger* of State, was most attentively listened to by *Don Phillipilio*, inasmuch that he not only strook up his *Bigott*, but witnessed his satisfaction with three extraordinary *Prudentiall Nods*; and haply the motion might have taken effect, if the Duke of *Parma* at that time had not been at Court, accompanied with all the War-like Nobility both of *Italy* and *Spain*; that were drunk with hunting after Land-glory: Besides, its thought the King was indifferent; and having his Treasures coming rumbling from the *Ladies*, he thought he could not distribute it better than by erecting a School of War in *Flanders*, to breed Officers for his other Conquests. And let me tell you, Neighbours, it was no small support to our new patched-up Republick, that this same Southern *Monarch* was the envy of the Northern parts of the world; for by most he was regarded as the fiercest of the whole bunch of *Antichrists*, *Dragon heads*: and such was the zeal of the mortified Ladies, that no reformed Gallant could be entertained in his *amours*, unlesse he had served three *Campaigns* in *Holland*, and brought away nine hairs of the *Mustachoes* of a *Castilian Diego* as a Trophée of his valour.

Our *Broker* was again interrupted by a little Terrell of a *Levite*, who all this while was tuning my Daughters *Cittern* to the Notes of a *Geneva Jigg*: And after he had, in a great passion, flung his Water-camlete Cloak under his Arme, he began and roared against all what had passed, alledging that they intended nothing, but to lessen the strength and reputation of the Pious and Godly States, that was the great receptacle of all tender consciences. He had scarce uttered these words, when upon a sudden, a School-master took him up, and said, *Novimus & quite*: My life upon it, that you and some of the Scots non-conformé Brethren has been kneading



ing Lectures together at *Stadamst. stile*. Like enough it has been so, said a *Black-smith*; for his Rattling Strain speaks no less. What? replies a *Scrivener*, are these the companions are so nimble at making of *Garden-knots*? The very same, says a *Chiler*; For, put me half a score of these fellows in a peaceable Kingdome, and though there be a *Garison* in every Family, yet they shall work muring up to that height, that nothing but the steel edge of a broad Sword is able to charm it. All what you say is most certain, saith the *Broker*, and if the rest of the horeh-porch Religions, to whom we give shelter, were as contentiously disposed as they, our Common-wealth had been long since split; But thanks to our *Swinnys bonum* of refined cheating and black usury, that keeps under hatchets the zeal of all other professions. Now when I speak of Religions in that point, we are wretched; for, by most part of the world, we are in the Category of *Jews* and *Infidels*, especially our *East and West India Companies*, who, for the most part, are profest enemies of *Christ*, which, in this our Engagement with *England*, may unhappily stand in our way; for it's not to be supposed, that his *Christian Majesty*, who is the only probable Prince in the world, so enterprise a *Crossada*, that ever he will countenance a tribe of *Hebrews*, to advance the standard of *Circumcession*. At the hearing of this, our Springs a *Greenland Swabber*, and swore by all the blubber that grows on a *fat Whale's* jawle, that rather then *Fadderland* should be in jeopardy, he would yet again kindle his courage with *Brandy* for its defence. *Fadderland* replies an *Inland Bumpkin*, there is none of you that inhabites Towns can pretend any thing that way, there being none of you all can say your Grand-father was a *Hollander*. It is most true, cries another *Clown*; for it is we only can claim that right, and you are no other then so many *Paddock-stools* or *Mushromes*, issued out of the Steam of a *Dung-hill*, as *French Angels* hatch *Magots*. I am apt to believe that, saith a *Cowper*; for my father was a *Swine-herd* in *West Phalia*. And, because my mother entertained unnaturall jealousies, he was forced to come here for protection. And mine, saith a *Gold-smith*, was a *Tinker* in *Sweden*; but one time, for his divertiment, as he was transmuting the natural metal of the Country into *Silver*, whereon he was engraving the *King's Image*, he was forced

forced to die for a false Coyner. And my Grand father, cryes a Skewinger, was a Priest of *Wiford* in Germany, but, for scandalous coping of a Tailors wife, he was forced to flee to *Amsterdam*, where he was preferred to be a Lay Elder. In good faith, such a *Glazier* I am of the opinion as he is, that all our forebearers, with in two generations, were such Criminals, *Ranagers*, or *Banquiers*; for my father was *Cashkeeper* in a *Gnomes Bankier*. But in regard the ballancing of accounts did not hit, he was forced to change both *Climate* and *Religion*. All that is nothing, quoth an old toothless *Furrier*, and therefore listen to what I say; for, though I mumble my words out of a beard, like a *Marise* nest, yet my mouth is not so muzzled with *Morpions*, but I can make it appear in the teeth of the greatest *Kirns*, that *Rencke*, *Cheats*, and *Trippanners* are the only ingredients to compose such a Common-wealth as ours, whose greatest subsistence depends upon the *Humour* of Neighbours. Say you so, faith a *Traveller*. Then it is time for me to take to penitential an air.

This, *My Lord*, was the summe of the observations I made among my Christian Cyprians. My Jewish Customers again were a little more close, yet I overheard one say to another, that he much doubted the successe of the War, since the King of *Brittain* concerned himself so ignorantly, and that the strength of an English Monarch is unknown, when he is likewise Sovereign of the affections and concurrence of his People, so it was now the case of His present Majesty: And which is worst of all, there seems to be a perfect understanding 'twixt him and the French King. Why then, replies the other, in such cases the *States* should breach the veins of their Tunney of Skat, and bleed among their Courtiers. Tush saith the other, these knacks are to be done with *Asses* at *Constantinople*, or in republicks like *Venice* or *Genoa*, or in the Minority of a King: But believe me, it is dangerous to be found tripping with two such clear-sighted Princes as these of *England* and *France*; besides, their Courtiers are (of late) become such nice Christians, that they will hardly touch *Holland* cash, for fear it were deeply mixed, and stunk of our usurious and circumcised Purchase. This is all, *My Lord*, I heard among our *Talmudicall* friends: I am informed that if your *Widowes* would appoint Emissaries to frequent

frequent the *3<sup>rd</sup> Schooler up de Burgwall*, and there you will find News and State matters as gravely debated in the time whilst they are *plumping*, as they are at *London*, in these houses where they stee their eyes and noses with the vapour of *Coffee*. I am afraid, *My Lords*, that I have trespassed upon your pickled patience; for I hear the clock of the *Hill* grow deaf, and it being now high time to *stake* up, your *Worships* will dispense with your humble *Beardsman*.

After this speech was read, the Senate thought it inconsistent with their honours to entertain any more commerce with such a dirty generation of *Water-Rats*, and therefore resolved to recall their *Ambassador*.

### From *Amsterdam*.

The *Ambassadors* that went out from our Committee of *Commoners*, are returned from *Laplant*; their *Wizards* and we agree that this *Meteor* is a small *Comet*, because of the length of her tail; and that same dreadful shaking of her shaggy Croup over the *Netherlands* portends nothing less than that, for all our leather ears and brass countenances, yet we shall be darkned with Clouds of live-haired Periwigs.

This wandering Whore took the occasion of the beginning of the year, and with a *Waffing-hole* has ranged about all the twelve Houses of the Heavens; at last she is got betwixt the horns of *Aries*, where it is thought she will expire, and with her last fluffe that Cuckoldly Constable, who used to be such a violent persecutor of her Sister Errants of the Galloping Gang.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

All such *Doctors*, *Theologues*, and *Philosophers*, that did not understand the last *Season* of *Clergy* without a *Key*, are recommended to read *Democritus* Commentaries on *Merlins* and *Thomas Rymers* Prophecies; and there they will find mention of a *Manuscript* in the *king of Faints* Library that will discover the secret.

Printed at *Dumpender-law*, for the Company  
of Stationers in *Gladsmoor*.



